



MANARA

The Model

I still remember from my days as a student the model for my classes at the art school. Her name was Suzy. I remember with an affectionate gratitude her long hours of immobility beside the large ceramic heater. Back then, when you said "model," people didn't think of "top models." Nowadays, models are those splendid girls parading around with the same haughty bearing, the same sinuous walk, in whatever extravagance they're sporting; the heroines of a fabulous world of luxury, riches, transgression, and fame, always on the go to another destination around the world.

Back then, people thought that these models, ready to pose in the nude for a few cents, were girls of dubious morality, nearer to the world of prostitution than that of fine art.

In reality, the history of models is inextricably linked to the history of art, and their role is of immense importance in our civilization. We owe so many masterpieces to them! And yet, while we're ready to reward artists with honors and recognition, nobody seems to remember the models.

This work hopes to be a modest attempt at that acknowledgment.

By surveying the history of art with respect to models, their names, and personal history, I want to show not just that

they were more than just bodies, but also to what extent they were an authentic inspiration for artists. The infinity of choices that I had before me obliged me to limit this research to a few examples among the most emblematic.

They include the mythical Phryne, Praxiteles' muse, Artemisia Gentileschi, who was her own model, or, more moving yet, the model of Caravaggio's *The Death of the Virgin*. Fished out of the Tiber where she'd drowned, she was then depicted in that very state: her stomach a bit swollen with water, yet still of great beauty, inspiring the artist even in death. A model to the very end. Her name was Phyllis. This book is dedicated to her.

Milo Manara











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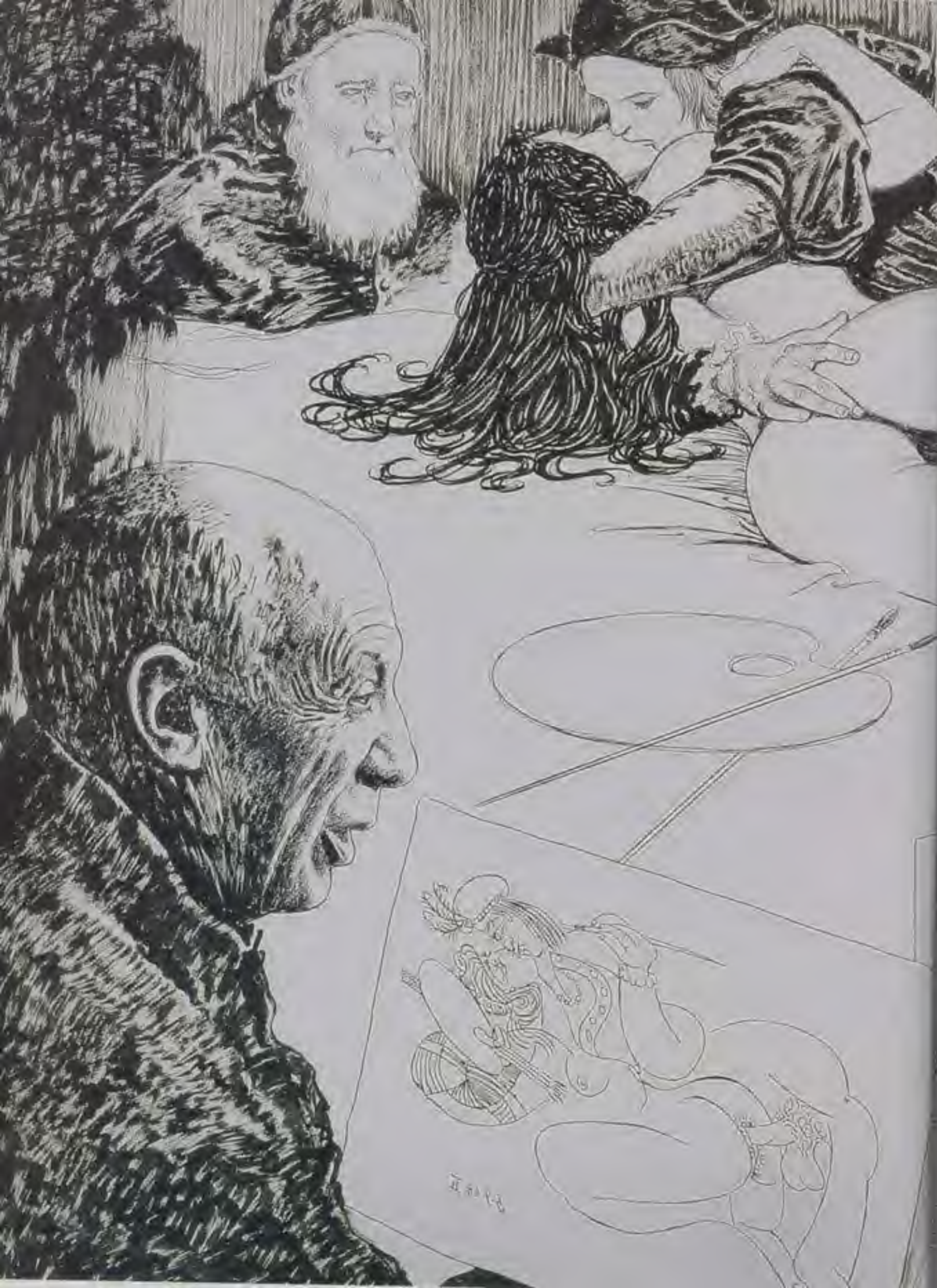


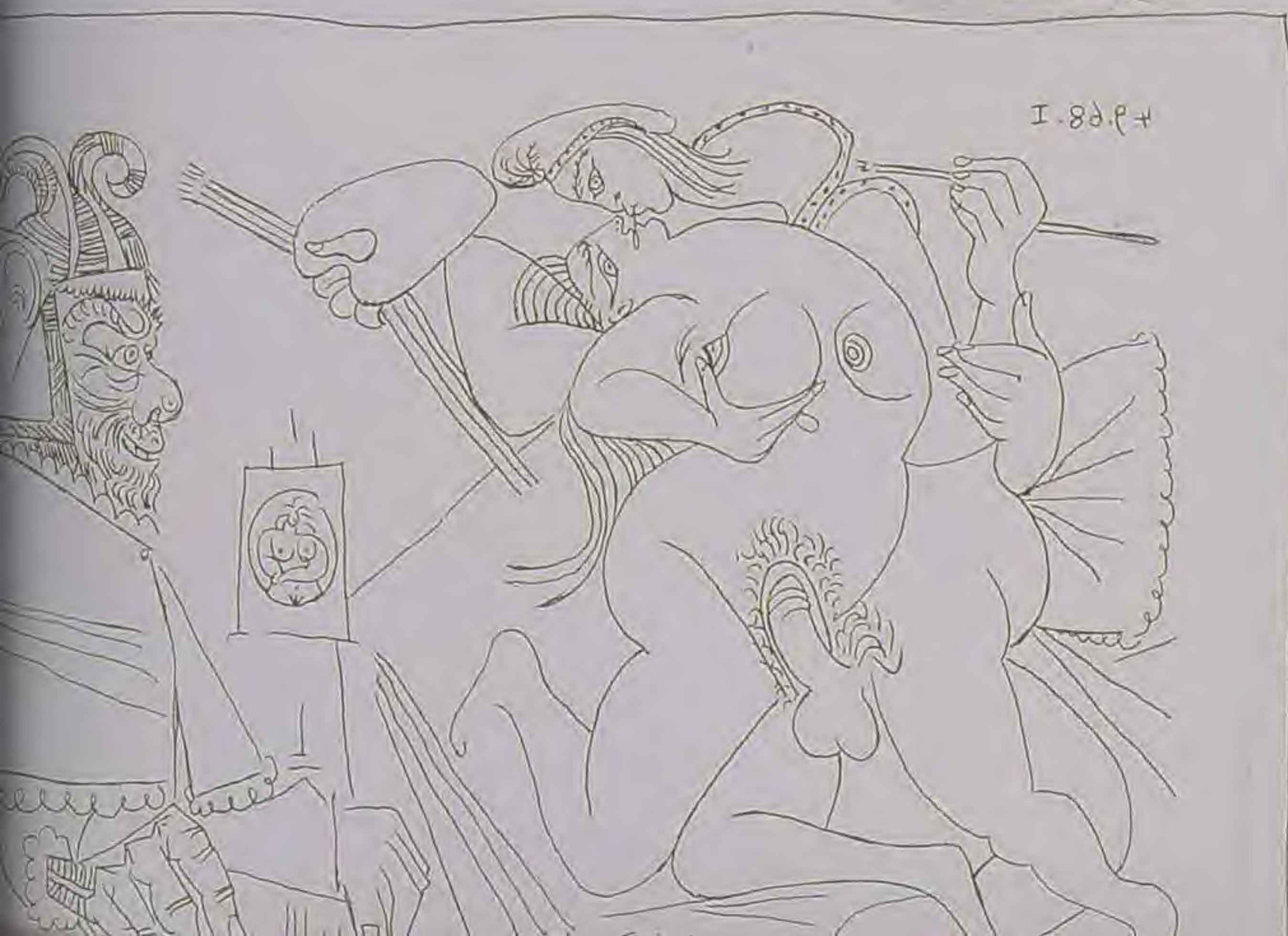




















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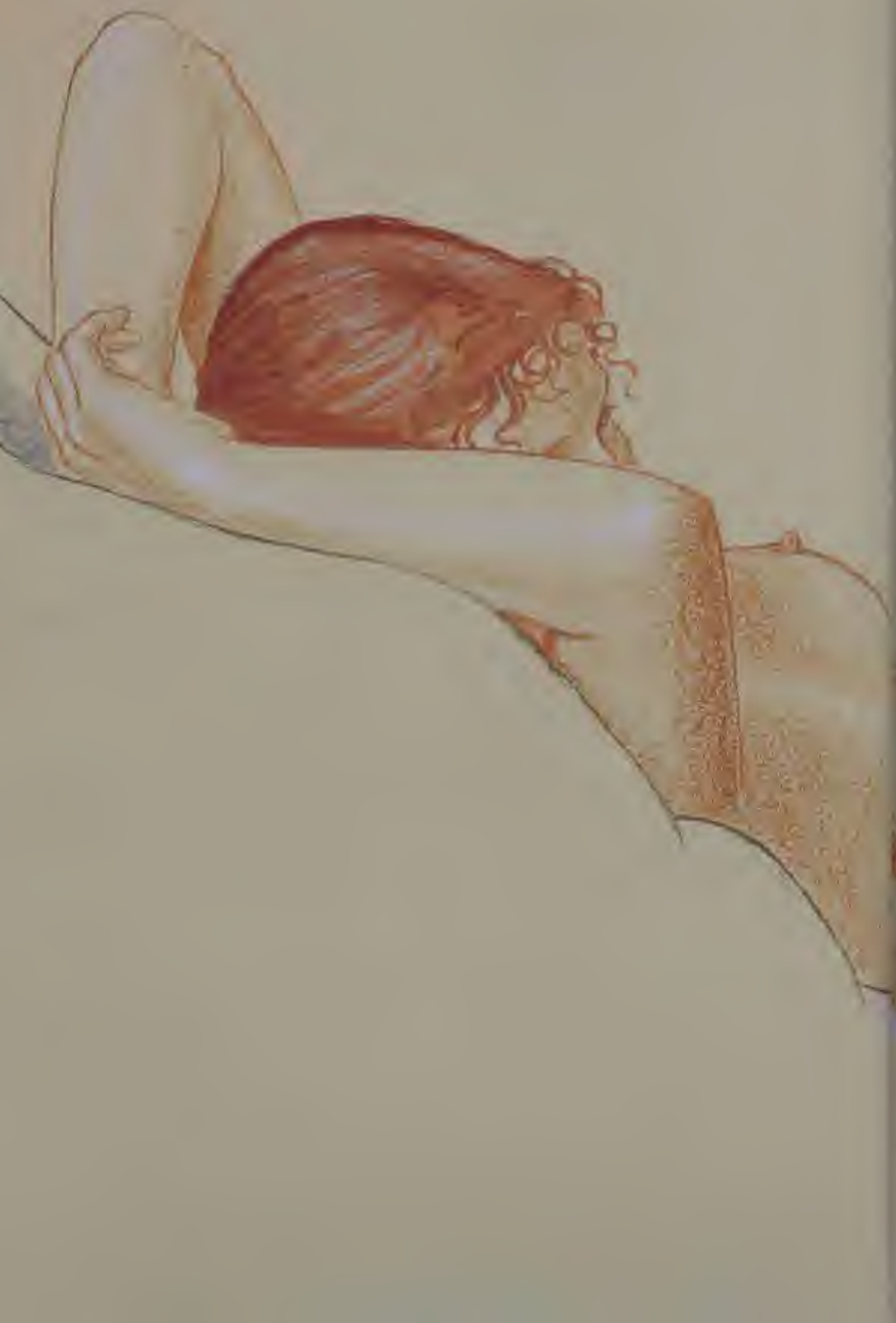


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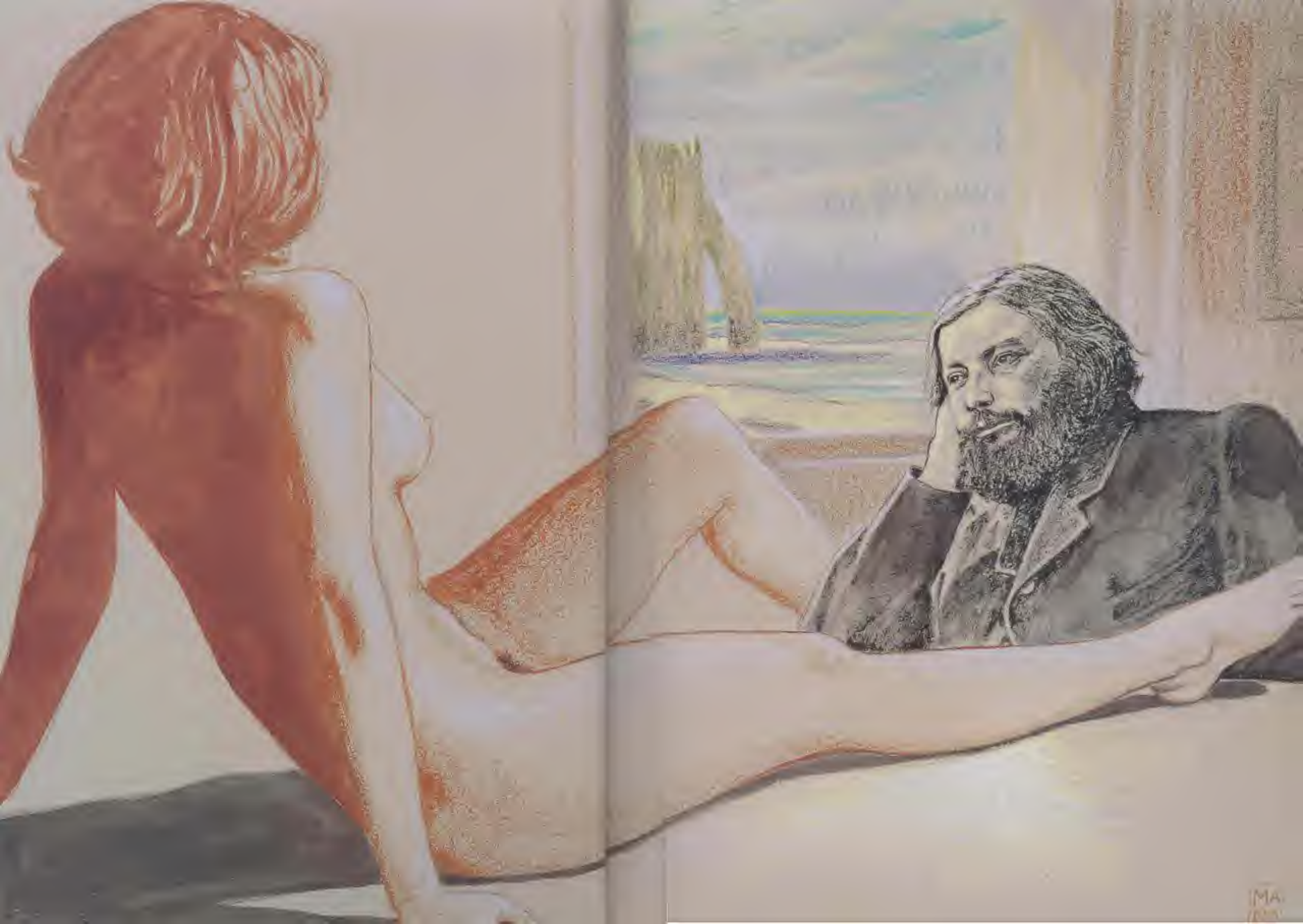
















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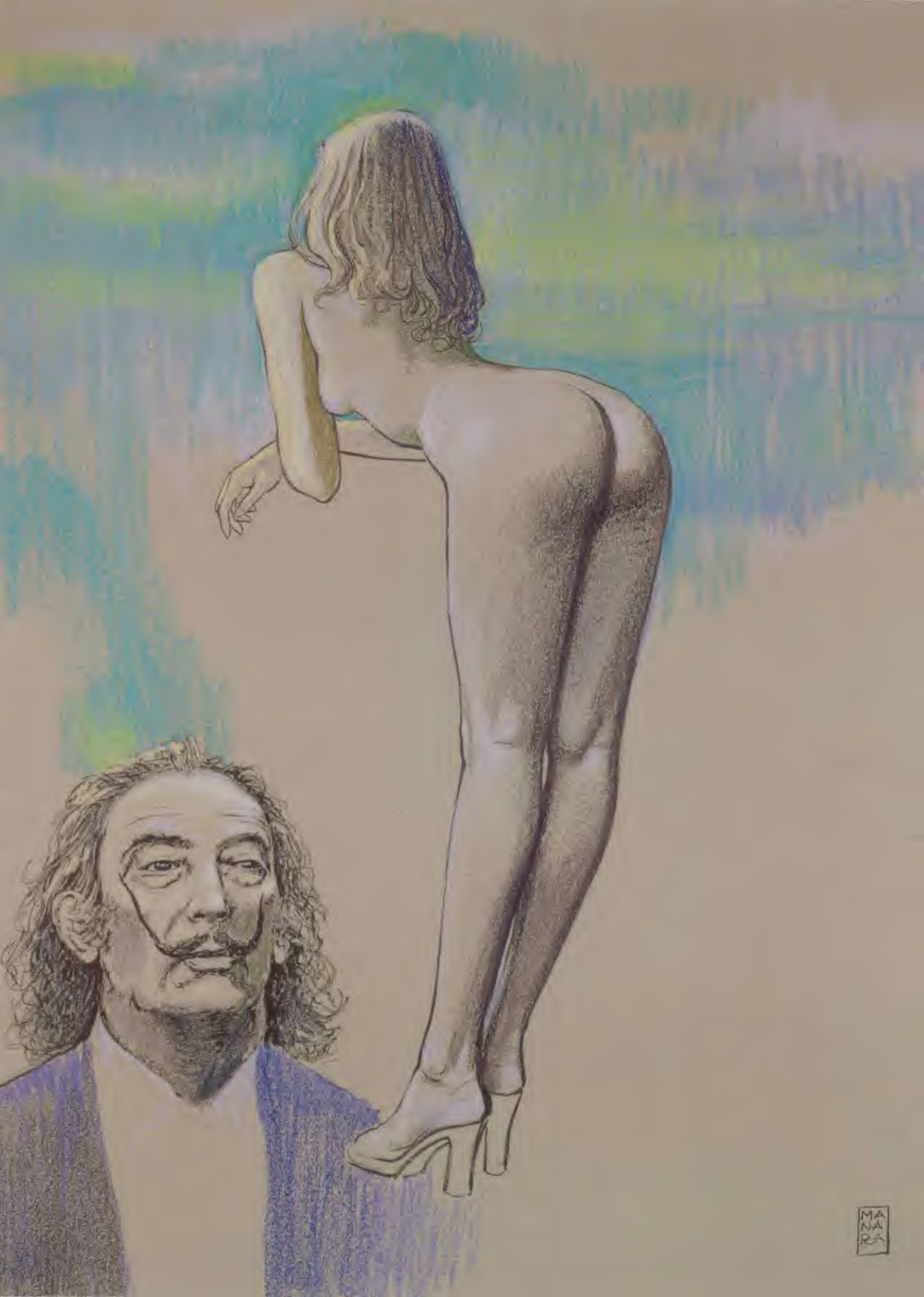








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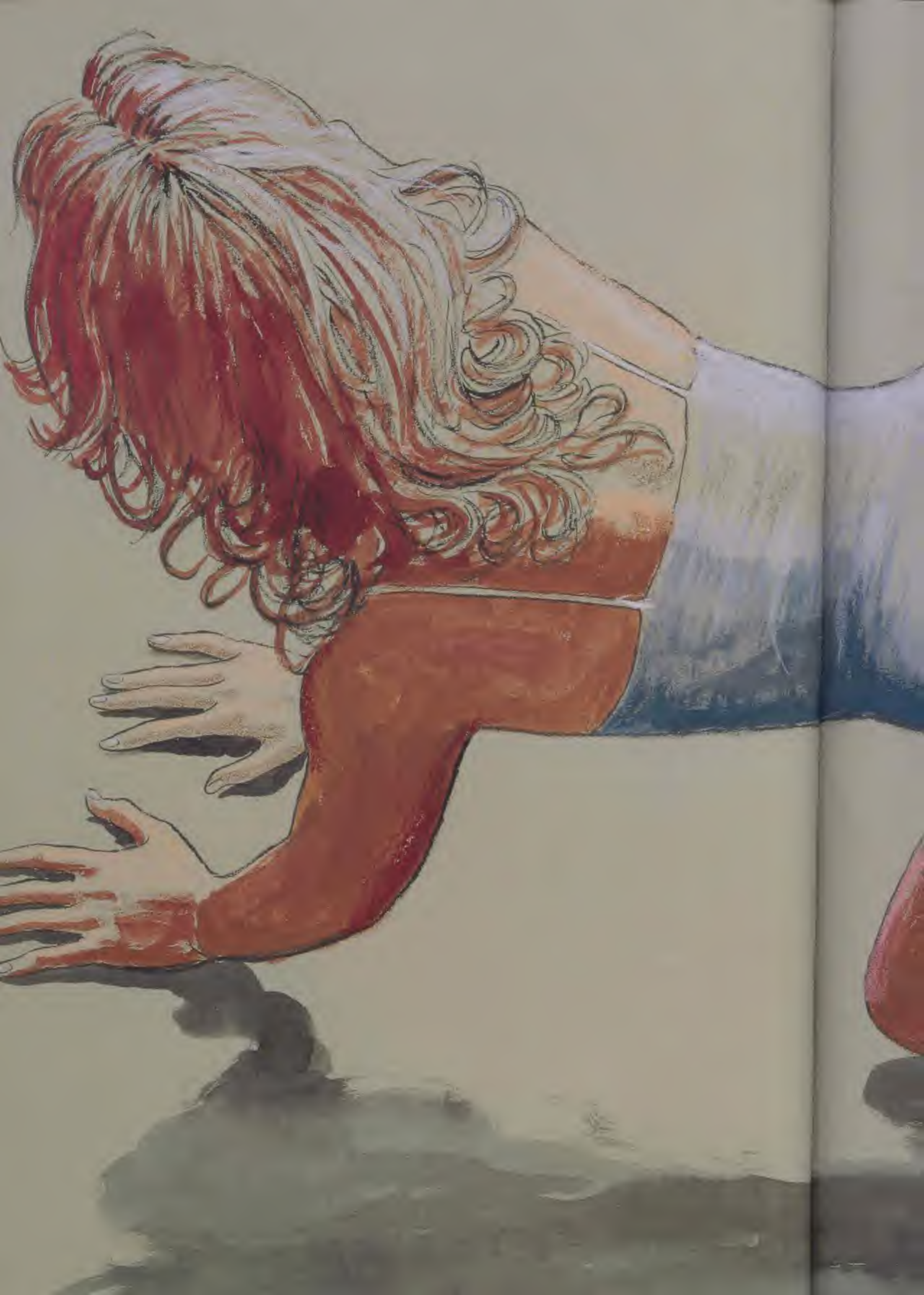


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The Porn Model

Everybody has their own more or less admissible fantasies, and the desire that these fantasies embody can become a piercing need, an irresistible obsession. That is at the origin of the demand for pornography and the resulting pornographic publications that, let's remind censors, are not the cause, but the eventual result of certain behaviors: nobody has ever observed a response preceding demand. Nowadays, the possibility of finding the representation of our most secret desires in pornography constitutes a reassuring function, the valve that keeps the pressure cooker from exploding, turning this energy that's difficult to control, which could cause us to commit horrible acts, towards a more "platonic" direction. Thank you, then, you sweet girls; thank you, you marvelous models who lend yourselves to the most obscene turpitude, condemning yourself to ostracism by openly interpreting everything we don't have the courage to say even in secret. And don't worry: however black the mire in which you immerse yourself, you will always emerge with an immaculate grace.

Reality fantasy

Usually fantasies remain in the domain of the imagination. They function somewhat like dreams for which we have no critical need, but which we never confuse with reality. Let's imagine a girl dressed in all the S&M get up, studded collar, black leather, sexy hose, military beret, riding-crop, etc... The sight of her alone can titillate or masochistic side she can make experience frisson evoking unfathomable voluptuousness buried memories from childhood disturbing readings and thousands of other fantasies. But if this same girl gave us real lashing, very painful or enough to make us bleed, I think we would understand the difference between fantasy and reality. Maybe even the censors will come to understand that we no longer have need of them. For criminal acts, the legal system already exists, whereas fantasies do harm to nobody and can be sublimated.











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